

# AN ELEGY,

Upon that Incomparable *Comedian*,  
*Mr. EDWARD ANGELL.*

*Written by C. B.*

**H**Ang the Stage all in black ; this fable night  
 Hath brought a deluge, caus'd an Angels flight.  
 Before Creation, Heav'n lost an Angel thence ;  
 Our Stage's *Angel* hath made his *Exit* hence.  
 His pregnant Actions of Transcendant Wit,  
 Rung Peals of Mirth, in *Gallery*, *Box*, and *Pit*.  
 He was the best of *Mimiques*, and took's Degree  
 Master of Art, in every Comedy.  
 To hear his Mimick voyce, which did dispense  
 Divertisement to all Spectators sense.  
 It fill'd 'em with amazement to behold,  
 What actions sprung from his corporeal mold.  
 His loss is felt at Court, where it does move  
 The Great Ones there, like the true Soul of Love.  
 The City too bewails : And now in lieu  
 Of former Mirth, from them drop showers of Dew.  
 He was the Poets Darling, not one but wears  
 Clouds on his brow, his eyes flow seas of tears.  
 The Actors all, at Fate's so swift command,  
 Are turn'd some Ghosts ; others like Statues stand.  
 Who shall play *Stephano* now ? your Tempest's gone,  
 To raise new Storms i' th' hearts of every one.  
 Farewell *Dufoy* ; That Comical revenge,  
 That always pleasing Play, is now unhing'd.  
 Adieu, dear *Friskin* : Unfort'nate Lovers weep,  
 Your mirth is fled, and now i' th' Grave must sleep.  
 No more to *Epsom* ; Physicians try your skills,  
 Since *Frible* now has ta'n his leave o' th' Wells.  
 His parts too numerous were for Elegy,  
 And Scenes too Comical to be express'd by me :  
 Let best of Poets do't, it shall suffice  
 I on thy Grave this Epitaph Incize :

**E P I T A P H.**

*Here lies Ned Angel, who rul'd, as he thought fit,  
 The English Stage of Comick, Mimick Wit. 211.*